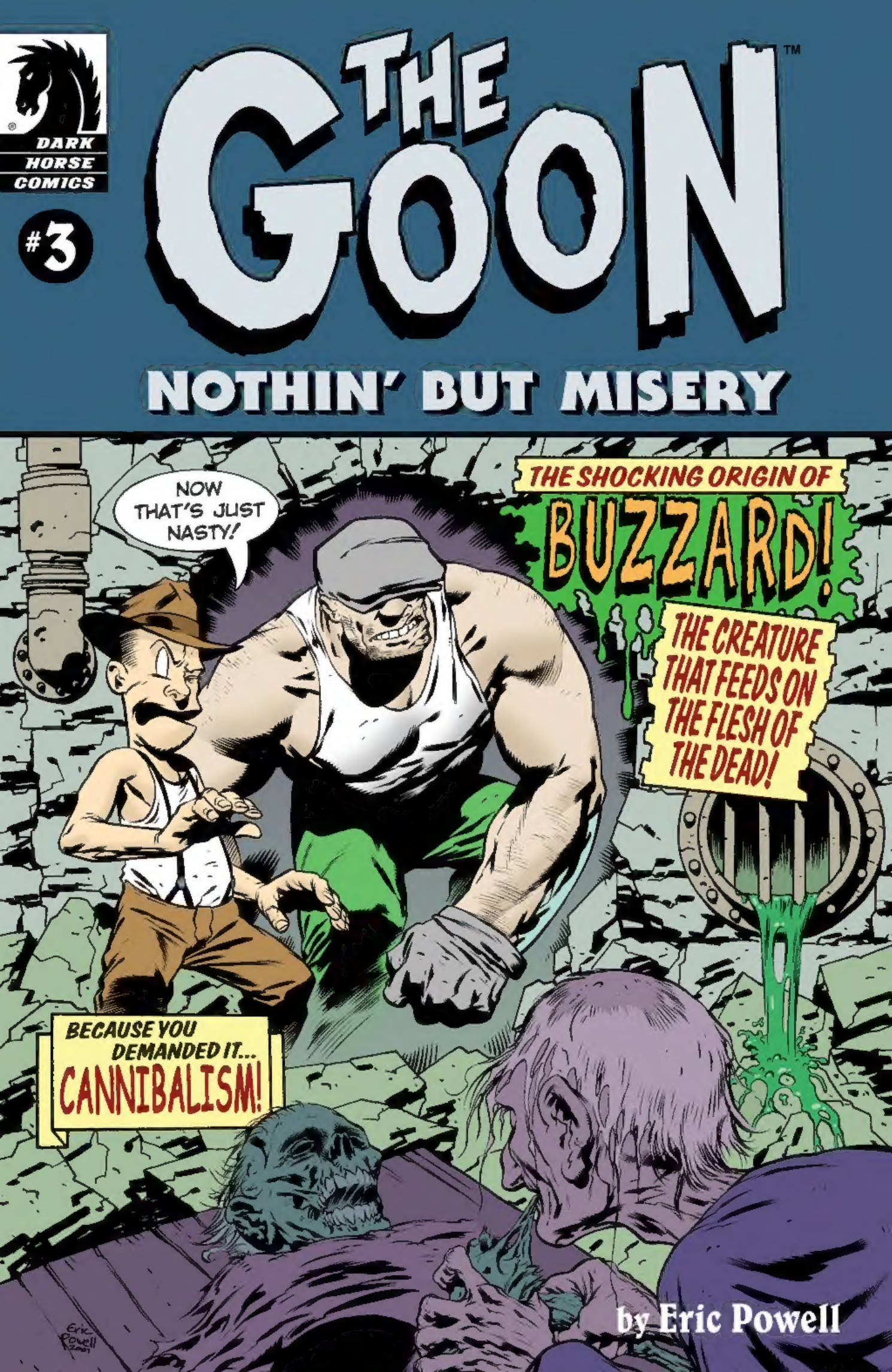

DARK HORSE COMICS
#3
THE GOON™
NOTHIN' BUT MISERY
NOW THAT'S JUST NASTY!
THE SHOCKING ORIGIN OF
BUZZARD!
THE CREATURE THAT FEEDS ON THE FLESH OF THE DEAD!
BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT...
CANNIBALISM!
by Eric Powell

THE GOON IN NOTHIN' BUT MISERY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
ERIC POWELL

COLORS BY
ERIC and ROBIN POWELL

DARK HORSE BOOKS®
MILWAUKIE

First edition:
editors SCOTT ALLIE & MATT DRYER

Second edition:
editor SCOTT ALLIE
assistant editor BRENDAN WRIGHT

designer AMY ARENDTS

president & publisher MIKE RICHARDSON

Neil Hankerson *executive vice president* • Tom Weddle *chief financial officer* • Randy Stradley *vice president of publishing* • Michael Martens *vice president of business development* • Anita Nelson *vice president of business affairs* • Micha Hershman *vice president of marketing* • David Scroggy *vice president of product development* • Dale LaFountain *vice president of information technology* • Darlene Vogel *director of purchasing* • Ken Lizzi *general counsel* • Davey Estrada *editorial director* • Scott Allie *senior managing editor* • Chris Warner *senior books editor* • Diana Schutz *executive editor* • Cary Grazzini *director of design and production* • Lia Ribacchi *art director* • Cara Niece *director of scheduling*

THE GOON™: NOTHIN' BUT MISERY

The Goon™ & © 2011 Eric Powell. All rights reserved. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living, dead, or undead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects issues #1–#4 of *The Goon* and *The Goon Color Special*, originally published by Albatross Exploding Funny Books, as well as the short story "Die, Fish, Die!" originally published in the final issue of *Dark Horse Presents*. Yes, after setting creative milestones with the likes of Chadwick and Miller, *DHP*, possibly the greatest anthology comic of all time, ran a Goon story by Eric Powell, and was subsequently canceled.

Published by
Dark Horse Books
A division of
Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

DarkHorse.com

To find a comics shop in your area,
call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at (888) 266-4226.

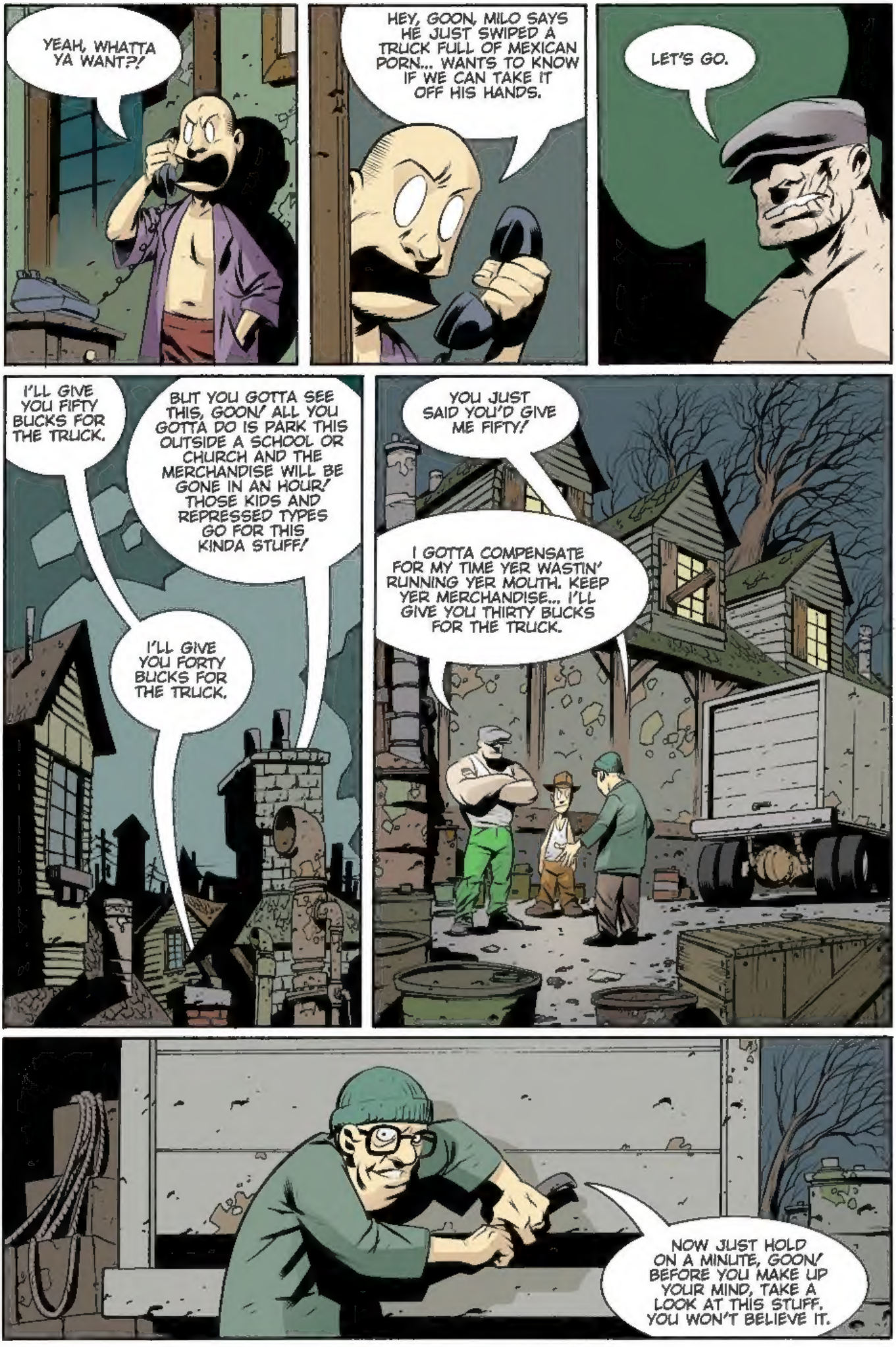
First edition: July 2003
Second edition: June 2011
ISBN 978-1-59582-624-4

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed at Midas Printing International, Ltd., Huizhou, China

N-NO.
FOR A WOMAN...
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
A WOMAN.
A WOMAN!
AHH! I'LL KILL YOU!

I'M COMIN'!
WHA-WHAT IS IT?!
DREAM.
WAS IT... CHINATOWN?
FRANKY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THERE!
GET BACK IN BED, STELLA! THIS DON'T CONCERN YOU!
OH, FRANKY. :SNIFF:
LOOK, MAYBE YOU SHOULD--
MAYBE YOU SHOULD MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
UNDERSTOOD, PAL.
BRING! BRING!

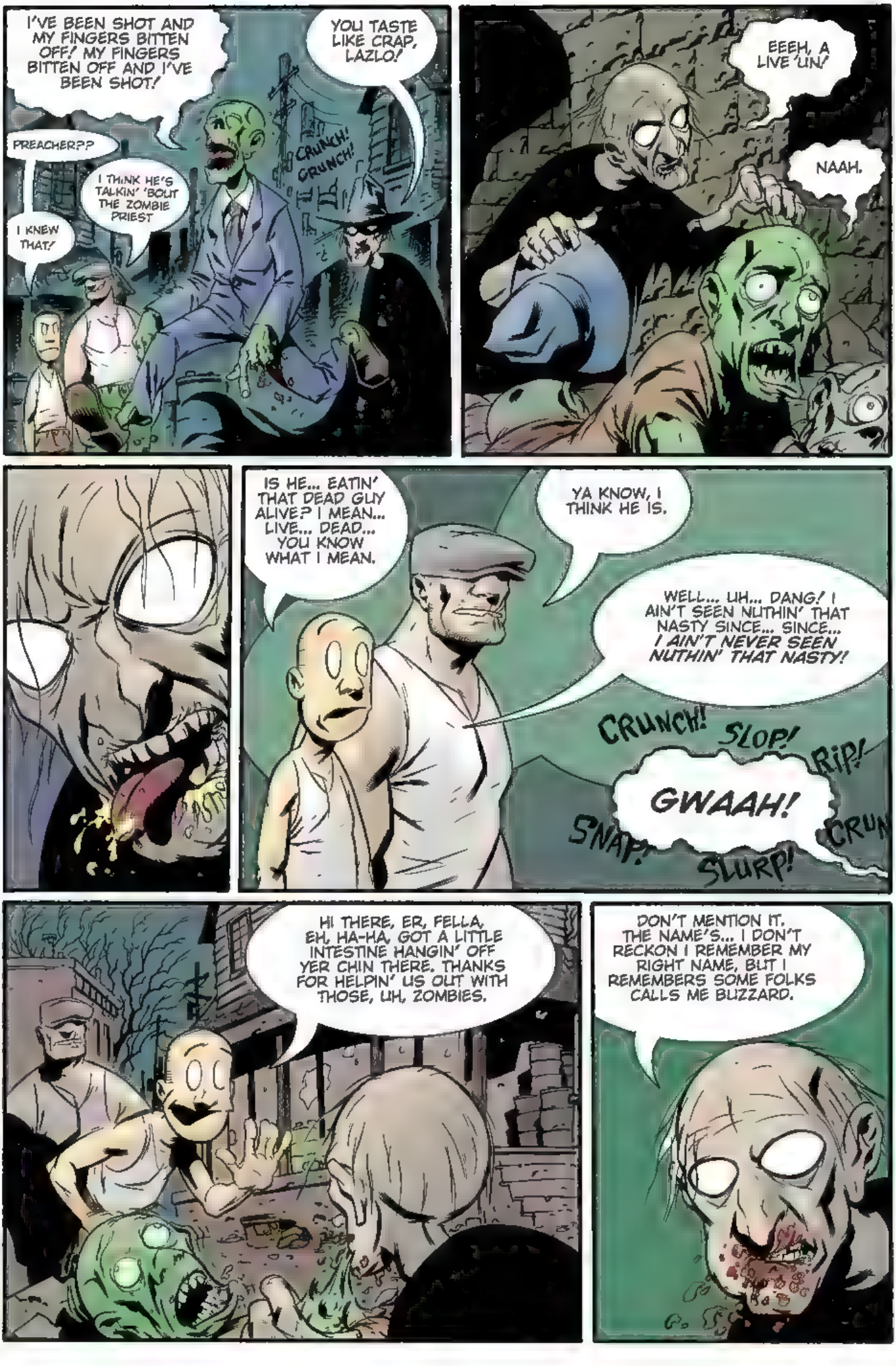

YEAH, WHATTA YA WANT?!
HEY, GOON. MILO SAYS HE JUST SWIPED A TRUCK FULL OF MEXICAN PORN... WANTS TO KNOW IF WE CAN TAKE IT OFF HIS HANDS.
LET'S GO.
I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY BUCKS FOR THE TRUCK.
BUT YOU GOTTA SEE THIS, GOON! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS PARK THIS OUTSIDE A SCHOOL OR CHURCH AND THE MERCHANDISE WILL BE GONE IN AN HOUR! THOSE KIDS AND REPRESSED TYPES GO FOR THIS KINDA STUFF!
I'LL GIVE YOU FORTY BUCKS FOR THE TRUCK.
YOU JUST SAID YOU'D GIVE ME FIFTY!
I GOTTA COMPENSATE FOR MY TIME YER WASTIN' RUNNING YER MOUTH. KEEP YER MERCHANDISE... I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY BUCKS FOR THE TRUCK.
NOW JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE, GOON! BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS STUFF. YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT.

GAH!
ZOMBIES!
SLACK JAWS!
IT'S A SETUP!
GET THEM!

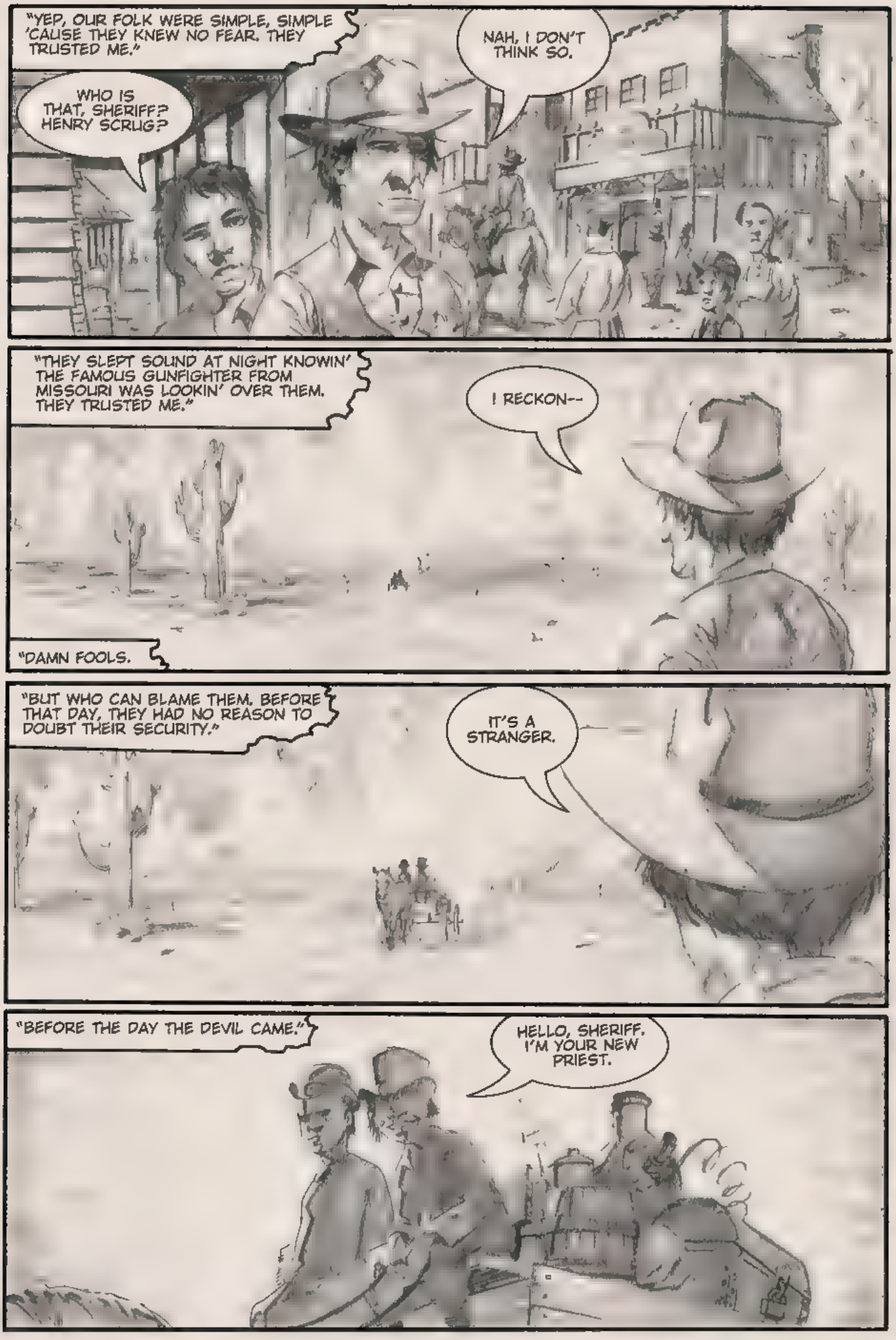
I'M GONNA KILL YOU, MILO!
HE'S UNDER OUR PROTECTION NOW, GOON.
YEAH, I'M UNDER THEIR PROTECTION NOW, GOON!
THWAP!
UMF!
NO BUNCH OF SLACK JAWS IS GONNA TAKE ME DOWN!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.
KRAKOW!
OW!
WHAT THE... NO! NOT YOU!

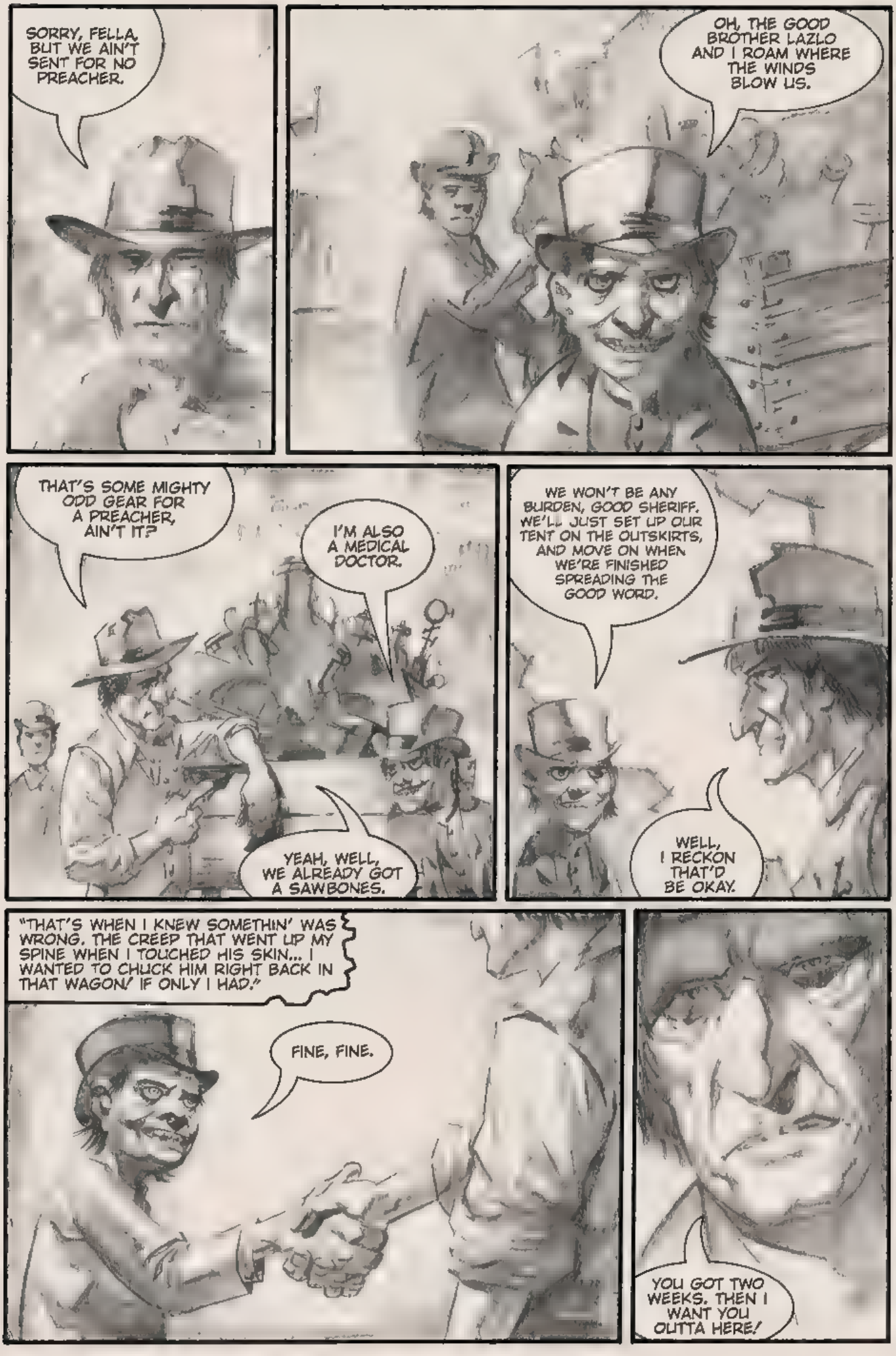
EHHH, ZOMBIES! AT LAST!
RUN! BACK TO LONELY STREET!
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT THING?!
I DUNNO, BUT THE ZOMBIES DON'T LIKE IT!
GNAHHH.
KRAKOW!

CLick!
CLick!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
I COULDA DONE THAT.
YOU CAN BARELY WRITE YOUR OWN NAME.
G-GO AWAY!
LAZLO! BEEN A WHILE, AIN'T IT, BOY? CAIN'T SAY THE YEARS HAVE BEEN KIND. LAST TIME I SAW YA, YA HAD MORE NOSE.
DON'T WORRY. I AIN'T GONNA KILL YOU YET. I WANT YOU TO TELL THE PREACHER I'M COMIN' FOR HIM/ TELL HIM THIS IS FROM ME!
CRUNCH!
AHH!-H!


I'VE BEEN SHOT AND MY FINGERS BITTEN OFF! MY FINGERS BITTEN OFF AND I'VE BEEN SHOT!
YOU TASTE LIKE CRAP, LAZLO!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
PREACHER??
I THINK HE'S TALKIN' 'BOUT THE ZOMBIE PRIEST
I KNEW THAT!
EEEH, A LIVE 'UN!
NAAH.
IS HE... EATIN' THAT DEAD GUY ALIVE? I MEAN... LIVE... DEAD... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
YA KNOW, I THINK HE IS.
WELL... UH... DANG! I AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' THAT NASTY SINCE... SINCE... I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NUTHIN' THAT NASTY!
CRUNCH!
SLOP!
RIP!
GWAAH!
SNAP!
SLURP!
CRUN
HI THERE, ER, FELLA. EH, HA-HA. GOT A LITTLE INTESTINE HANGIN' OFF YER CHIN THERE. THANKS FOR HELPIN' US OUT WITH THOSE, UH, ZOMBIES.
DON'T MENTION IT. THE NAME'S... I DON'T RECKON I REMEMBER MY RIGHT NAME, BUT I REMEMBERS SOME FOLKS CALLS ME BUZZARD.

YOU AND THE PRIEST'S RIGHT-HAND MAN LAZLO SEEMED TO KNOW EACH OTHER. WHAT'S THE STORY?
IF YOU BOYS WANNA HEAR THAT YARN, BETTER WARN YA, IT IS A TALE OF PITY AND WOE, FRIENDS, A TALE OF PITY AND WOE.
I WAS A SHERIFF IN A TINY LITTLE TOWN OUT WEST. IT WAS... IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.
"THE TOWN WAS MADE UP OF SIMPLE FOLK JUST TRYIN' TA GET BY."
DADDY! I WAS PLAYIN' IN THE CRICK AND GOT BIT BY A RATTLER!
A RATTLER! DAG NABBIT!
MARTHA, GET IN THE BEDROOM! WE'RE GONNA NEED ANOTHER FARM HAND!
WHERE'D YA GO, DADDY? IT GOT DARK RIGHT FAST.
OH, GEORGE, I'M TIRED OF BIRTHIN' FARM HANDS!
BELIEVE ME, WOMAN, IT AIN'T NO PICNIC FOR ME NEITHER.


"YEP, OUR FOLK WERE SIMPLE, SIMPLE 'CAUSE THEY KNEW NO FEAR. THEY TRUSTED ME."
WHO IS THAT, SHERIFF? HENRY SCRUG?
NAH, I DON'T THINK SO.
"THEY SLEPT SOUND AT NIGHT KNOWIN' THE FAMOUS GUNFIGHTER FROM MISSOURI WAS LOOKIN' OVER THEM. THEY TRUSTED ME."
I RECKON--
"DAMN FOOLS.
"BUT WHO CAN BLAME THEM. BEFORE THAT DAY, THEY HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT THEIR SECURITY."
IT'S A STRANGER.
"BEFORE THE DAY THE DEVIL CAME."
HELLO, SHERIFF. I'M YOUR NEW PRIEST.


SORRY, FELLA, BUT WE AIN'T SENT FOR NO PREACHER.
OH, THE GOOD BROTHER LAZLO AND I ROAM WHERE THE WINDS BLOW US.
THAT'S SOME MIGHTY ODD GEAR FOR A PREACHER, AIN'T IT?
I'M ALSO A MEDICAL DOCTOR.
YEAH, WELL, WE ALREADY GOT A SAWBONES.
WE WON'T BE ANY BURDEN, GOOD SHERIFF. WE'LL JUST SET UP OUR TENT ON THE OUTSKIRTS, AND MOVE ON WHEN WE'RE FINISHED SPREADING THE GOOD WORD.
WELL, I RECKON THAT'D BE OKAY.
"THAT'S WHEN I KNEW SOMETHIN' WAS WRONG. THE CREEP THAT WENT UP MY SPINE WHEN I TOUCHED HIS SKIN... I WANTED TO CHUCK HIM RIGHT BACK IN THAT WAGON! IF ONLY I HAD."
FINE, FINE.
YOU GOT TWO WEEKS. THEN I WANT YOU OUTTA HERE!

"IT WEREN'T BUT A WEEK LATER EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD WAS ATTENDIN' H'S SO-CALLED SERVICES. EVERYONE BUT ME, THAT IS.

"I KNEW THERE WEREN'T NOTHIN' HOLY GOIN' ON IN THAT TENT."

FIRST RULE OF SACRIFICING LIVESTOCK TO THE ELDER GODS OF THE VOID, DON'T TELL SHERIFF ABOUT SACRIFICING LIVESTOCK TO THE ELDER GODS OF THE VOID!

"BUT WHEN I TRIED TA KICK THE PREACHER OUT..."

HOW DARE YOU!

HE'S CHANGED MY LIFE!

MY CROPS YIELDED TWICE AS MUCH SINCE HE'S BEEN HERE!

HE'S A HOLY MAN, YOU GODLESS HEATHEN!

"I LOVED EVERY PERSON IN THAT TOWN LIKE FAMILY, AND THAT LITTLE LIZARD OF A MAN TURNED THEM ON ME IN DAYS!

"I HAVE TA TELL YA, FRIENDS, I WAS WHIPPED. I COULD SAVE THEM FROM CATTLE THIEVES AND DESPERADOES, BUT HOW COULD I SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES? MY HEART WAS BROKE, AND LIKE A WEAK-KNEED YELLA BELLY, I RESORTED TA DROWNIN' MY WOES IN A BOTTLE.

ROT GUT

"THAT'S WHEN IT ALL REALLY STARTED TA FALL APART.

"THE NEXT FEW DAYS SEEM TA BLUR TOGETHER IN A DRUNKEN HAZE.

"OL' WIDOW O'BRIEN RAN THROUGH TOWN SCREAMIN' HER HUSBAND IKE, WHO'D BEEN DEAD LEAST SIX MONTHS, HAD BEEN IN THE FIELD BEATIN' HER MULE TA DEATH WITH AN AX HANDLE."

HE'S KILLED BESSY! HE'S KILLED BESSY!

"A PLAGUE SWEPT THROUGH THE TOWN. FUNNY, IT NEVER INFECTED ME OR ANY OF THE LIVESTOCK.

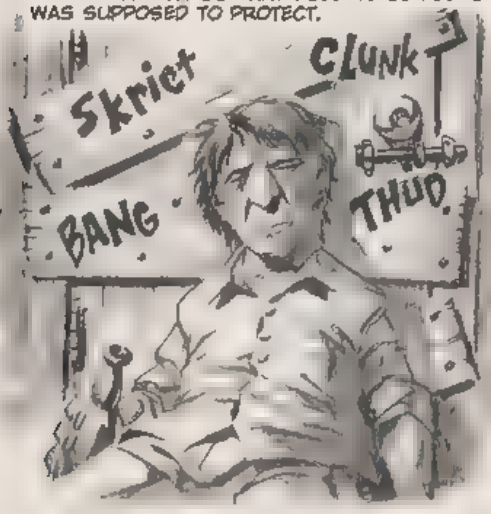
"FOLKS STARTED TO DIE.

"FOLKS STARTED TO DIE... AND GET BACK UP!

"WHEN FRANK TOWNSEN STROLLED DOWN MAIN STREET TWO DAYS AFTER HE'D BEEN GIVEN TO THE EARTH, FOLKS STARTED LOCKIN' THEMSELVES IN THEIR HOMES.

"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE ONES THE PLAGUE DIDN'T FINISH OFF, THE DEAD FOLKS TOOK.

"I WAS THE LAST. I LOCKED MYSELF IN MY CABIN WITH A CASE OF WHISKEY AND TRIED TO IGNORE THE SCRATCHIN' AND CLAWIN' AT THE DOOR FROM THINGS THAT USED TO BE FOLKS I WAS SUPPOSED TO PROTECT.



"I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE SAT RIGHT THERE AND DRANK MYSELF TO DEATH HAD THE LITTLE LIZARD LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE. NO, HE HAD TO GLOAT."

MY TWO WEEKS ARE UP, SHERIFF. ARE YOU GOING TO COME OUT AND MAKE ME LEAVE?

"I SNAPPED! A FURY AND RAGE AIN'T NEVER FELT BEFORE FLAMED UP N MY BELLY AND SOBERED ME RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT! I WAS GONNA KILL HIM! I WAS GONNA TEAR HIM TA PIECES WITH MY BARE HANDS AND WEREN'T NO ARMY OF DEAD FOLK GONNA STOP ME!

"I PREPARED MYSELF!

"AND I RODE!

"I LAID A KILLIN' ON EVERY DEAD THING CAME 'CROSS MY PATH!

"AFTER WADIN' THROUGH AN OCEAN OF DEATH AND GORE, I FINALLY GOT TO HIS TENT."
I'M GONNA LAY YER BELLY OPEN AND LEAVE YOU STRUNG UP IN THE DESERT FOR THE COYOTES, BOY!
"NOW, I'VE HAD LONG YEARS TA PONDER THE NEXT FEW EVENTS, AND THIS IS WHAT I THINK HAPPENED. I HAD HIM SCARED... PISSED-H S-PANTS SCARED. I THINK HE PANICKED, NOT KNOWIN' WHAT ELSE TA DO, AND PROBABLY 'CAUSE IT WAS WHAT HE WAS BEST AT DOIN', HE PUT HIS ZOMBIE SPELL ON ME!
"IT WENT WRONG, REAL WRONG. I AIN'T NEVER FELT SUCH PAIN. WHILE I WAS AGONIZIN' IN TORMENT, LAZLO TOOK THE PREACHER AND BEAT IT OUTTA THERE. I PASSED OUT.
"THING WAS, I WEREN'T DEAD!
I VOWED TO TRACK THE PREACHER DOWN AND MAKE HIM PAY FOR WHAT HE DONE. AND NOW I'VE FOUND HIM!
"WHEN I WOKE UP, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THEM, AND I HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO SOME KIND OF MONSTER! I HAD AN INSATIABLE HUNGER! I TRIED TO DENY IT TILL IT NEARLY DROVE ME INSANE! THE SPELL HAD REVERSED! INSTEAD OF A DEAD MAN FEASTING ON THE FLESH OF THE LIVING, I WAS A LIVING MAN WHO MUST CONSUME THE FLESH OF THE DEAD TO SURVIVE!"

WOW.
LOOK, PAL, I'D LIKE TA SEE THAT NO-NAME RAT DEAD AS MUCH AS YOU, BUT YOU CAN'T JUST WALTZ DOWN LONELY STREET AND GUN HIM DOWN.
HE'S RIGHT. THERE'S ZOMBIES, TONS OF 'EM, BUT THAT PLACE ATTRACTS ALL KINDS OF BAD STUFF BESIDES. THAT'S WHY THE PRIEST HARDLY EVER LEAVES THE PLACE. HE'S TOO WELL PROTECTED.
I'VE WAITED TOO LONG!
I'M GONNA KILL HIM!
I SAID YOU CAN'T GO THERE!
YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?!
YOU SAYIN' I CAN'T?!
LET ME GO... I AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' LEFT.
GO ON THEN. GET YOURSELF KILLED.
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, BETTER THAN YOU THINK YOU ARE.
THINK HE'LL MAKE IT?
IF IT WAS THAT EASY TO WALK DOWN LONELY STREET AND KILL THE GUY, I'D'VE DONE IT BY NOW.

LONELY
THERE! THERE HE IS!
YOU.
I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

Click!
Click!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

END?

WATCH OUT! HIS BRAIN IS NUCLEAR!
12¢
No. 57
the atomic RAGE
ON STANDS NOW!
[illegible] MY BIG ATOMIC [illegible], YOU [illegible] COMMIE [illegible]!
THE GREATEST HERO OF THE GOLDEN AGE!
HEY, KIDS! JOIN ME AS I SHOW THOSE HIGH-STEPPIN' ANIMALS WHAT ONE GOOD AMERICAN WITH A NUCLEAR-BLAST-FIRING BRAIN CAN DO!
ONLY A PANTYWAIST SISSY WOULD READ ANY OTHER COMIC MAGAZINE!

EMPIRE